

Prick by AbsinthexMind

Series: [Oh brother where art thou \[18\]](#)

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Summary:

With all his faults and flaws, (y/n) still loved her brother. A prick he may be, but he was her prick. They had had only one another for so long and Billy was positive she was the only woman who could ever deal with his bullshit and put him in line.

Prick

“You’re such a prick.”

He stops in the middle of the hall, glaring at you from where you stood in the doorway of your room. Since neither of your parents were home you had a slim cigarette hanging from between your lips. Hands placed on your hips.

“What did you say?” Billy nearly snarls and advances on you. You blow smoke right into his face which was a little difficult because of how much shorter you were compared to your big brother. The smell of your cigarette wasn’t as noxious as the ones Billy preferred. Your’s had a sweet hint to it of cloves. Sweet and enticing.

You roll your eyes. “You heard me. You’re such a prick to Max. It’s not her fault that we had to move here. You’re just letting your anger out on her because you can’t be mean to her mom. Otherwise dad would literally beat the shit out of you.” You take the cigarette between your index and middle finger while hollowing out your cheeks as you sucked in. Blowing another stream of smoke up at Billy.

Billy’s jaw ticks, lips pursing and you knew that if you were anyone else he would’ve probably hit you, maybe scream at you. Instead he curls his fingers into his palm and storms away. You flounce after him.

“Oh c’mon. Stop being a grumpy asshole. This place isn’t so bad.” You catch the door before it slams in your face and follow him to his car. He angrily shuts the driver’s side door and glares at you as you place your hands on the car’s hood.

“Get the hell out of the way (y/n)!”

“What’s the rush? You got a hot date or something? Lets go get something to eat. I’m starving.” Liking to push his buttons you take your cigarette out of your mouth and put it out on the car’s hood.

Fingers having a deadly grip on his steering wheel, Billy glowers at

you before you shoot him a cheeky smile and bat your mascara coated eyelashes. Heaving a big sigh he relents.

“Hurry up and get your ass in here before I change my mind.”

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In just a few short minutes Billy found himself smiling again. (y/n) always had the habit of getting him out of his moods. The girl he had planned on meeting up with could wait. All the girls in Hawkins weren't worth his time to begin with anyway.

From the corner of his eye he watched as his younger sister by one year head banged and rocked out to the music blasting through the radio. Black leather jacket hanging on her a bit loosely and almost falling off her shoulders. Not for the first time Billy caught his stare growing intense as his gaze traveled from her exposed shoulders to the length of her neck and down to her low cut Iron Maiden shirt. Both Billy and their father had given her grief about her clothes. (y/n) had cleverly pointed out how Billy paraded around school with his shirt wide open to reveal his chest. She had claimed he looked like a man-whore which made Billy laugh. She had a quick tongue and a sharp sense of humor. Their old man. . . Not so much. He yelled at her, saying she might as well work on the corners like the prostitute she must've been aiming to be with the way she dressed. Now that made (y/n) cry. He never physically hurt (y/n) like he did Billy; she was a good girl most of the time. That didn't stop Neil Hargrove from verbally abusing her though. Billy never hated his father more than when he made (y/n) cry. She always tried to act tough, but she was soft inside.

“Billy! WATCH THE ROAD!!” (y/n) shrieks, making him jerk and avert his eyes back to driving, nearly hitting the car in front of him. (y/n) bounces in her seat as he slams on the brakes. His arm instinctively shooting out in front of his sister. “Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! What the fuck Billy?!”

“Fuck. Sorry (y/n).” The car behind them honks at him and Billy promptly shows them the finger before speeding away.

(y/n) glares at him and sits back in her seat. “You’re the worst driver ever. I’ll be happy when I get my license.” She grumbles and folds her arms in front of her chest. Billy was painfully aware of how the action pushed her breasts up. He swallows back whatever lump had caught in his throat. There it was again. Those sick thoughts that Billy absolutely did not want to have. Maybe with other girls, but definitely not associated with his younger sister.

Finally they arrived at a small diner and the smile returned to (y/n)’s face. Not even bothering to wait for him, she gets out of the car and heads inside. That was fine. Billy needed a moment to readjust himself in his pants and push down the sick feeling that clawed along his stomach. He lit a cigarette to calm his nerves. He hated it. Sometimes he hated her for making him feel that way. The way she would smile at him sweetly or bat those damn doe eyes of her’s that he thought were so adorable. He tried to remind himself that she was his blood sister. They had bathed together when they were little. Made mud pies and hit each other with plastic baseball bats. Billy had witnessed her transition from a child into a teenager followed with bad acne and braces. They had fought as siblings do. Sometimes not even spoken to each other for days. They were siblings.

Still, somewhere down the line Billy had realized that he was attracted to her. He knew it was attraction because he had felt it with other girls. He was certain if their dad ever found out that he would kill Billy. And (y/n). . . He would lose the only person in his home that he genuinely loved. With all his faults and flaws, (y/n) still loved her brother. A prick he may be, but he was her prick. They had had only one another for so long and Billy was positive she was the only woman who could ever deal with his bullshit and put him in line.

Through the diner window, Billy saw (y/n) wave eagerly at him as she mouthed for him to hurry up.

His lips curl up into a grin and he stomps on his cigarette to go join her.